

EDITORIALS

DON'T BE A 'YULE FOOL!



YOU Drive Carefully

Saturday's terrible tragedy in the San Fernando Valley, when a drunken driver smashed into a busload of Boy Scouts, confirmed the worst fears of the California Highway Patrol. At the very moment the Highway police were setting up road blocks to snare those who had imbibed too much, one of the most tragic aspects of holiday drinking became a reality.

The road block as a deterrent on reckless and drunken driving is an accomplished custom in California. The new tactic of constantly changing the positions of the blocks is thwarting some of the more cagey drivers who are alerted through the barroom grapevine. Judges this year are cracking down with a determination of discouraging holiday drinking and driving.

Bad as he can be, the drunken driver is still not as great a menace on the highway as the habitually reckless or impolite operator. Drivers who disregard traffic regulations and the simple rights of all others are the greater offenders because they represent a very large percentage of those using the highways. Add to these the many persons who have never taken the trouble to master the lethal weapon they operate so casually, and it becomes remarkable that the accident toll is not greater.

It behooves every single driver to proceed as though he was personally responsible for cutting down holiday accidents. In so doing he might not only be assuring his being around for 1957, but, may be protecting a good many others.

State of Suspense

This newspaper is somewhat in the position of the fond father who goes around for weeks before Christmas carrying a secret. He has a great gift to present to the family and he knows they are going to be thrilled and delighted, but, he can't say a word.

In this case Torrance is going to have to wait a couple of days for the announcement of a gift that will be shared in by every resident of the community. The gift is the kind that cannot be measured in dollars and cents. Rather, it is of the invaluable variety, the worth of which should be enjoyed for years to come.

If you are a resident of Torrance, or in any way are interested in its future, sew your buttons on tight for you are about to swell with community pride.

For details, see next Thursday's HERALD!

Short Takes . . .

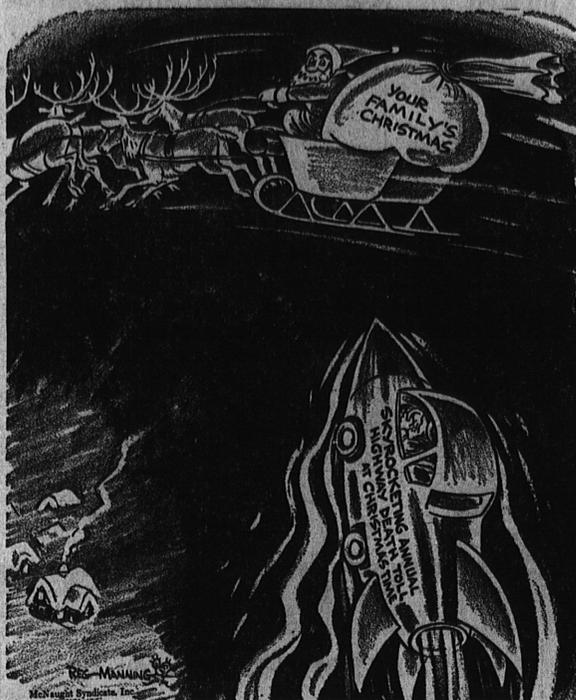
Buffalo (Minn.) Wright County Journal-Press: "When he was younger, admits Richard Mayer Jr. of the North Vernon (Ind.) Sun, his ambition was to write a book exposing women. 'But darn it,' he says, 'these designers of modern-day dresses beat us to it!'"

Brookneal (Va.) Union Star: "President William Pollock of the Textile Workers' Union complained just the other day that his union 'can't organize the South without government help. Under the Wagner Act we got it. Now we don't' . . . That explains pretty clearly why the unions don't want a neutral government. They are satisfied with nothing but having the full power of government to compel people to do what the unions want them to do."

THE TRUE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS



Misguided Missile



YOUR PROBLEMS

By ANN LANDERS

Dear Ann: This is in reply to "The Wife".

Why all the fuss about office Christmas parties? Most wives wouldn't be so worried if they knew what we "Old Crows" thought about the husband . . . (Our Boss).

To us he's a pompous character who tours the country on a big, fat expense account. He stops in the best hotels and eats the biggest steaks. His assistants are the ones who stay behind, do the work and take the guff.

At the office Christmas party he's drunker than anybody, since he starts toasting everyone's health at noon. By the time the party gets under way he doesn't know if he's kissing the secretary or the janitor.

A marriage doesn't fall apart at the office or at a Christmas party. It falls apart at home. So stop worrying, Madam. Most of us wouldn't take your husband as a gift.

—AN "OLD CROW"

Dear Ann: Our 14-year-old daughter isn't speaking to me because I won't permit her to give a \$6 sweater to her boy friend for Christmas.

She saved the money for it by not eating lunches. Maybe I don't appreciate her "thriftness" but I say a sweater is too personal a gift for 14-year-olds. What do you say?

—O.F.M.

The real problem isn't whether or not a \$6 sweater is too personal a gift for 14-year-olds, but what to do about the hostility between you and your daughter.

After the young lady deprived herself of lunches to buy her boy friend this gift, you'll never persuade her that your position is a fair one.

Perhaps she could have chosen something less personal, but the difference between a sweater and a book is insignificant compared to the feeling of injustice the girl is suffering.

Dear Ann: We've been friendly with a couple for 20 years. Their 14-year-old daughter is a real obnoxious child. They think she can sing. The truth is, Ann, she couldn't carry a note with a co-singer.

Whenever we're in their home they ask her to "do a few numbers." Last night we were hooked for a two hour performance.

On the way home my husband was so hot under the collar he gave me orders to accept no more invitations from these people. He said we're not to go to their house and he doesn't want them in ours. I feel terrible. This couple stood up for us at our wedding. What shall I do?

—LENA O.

Your husband sounds like a pretty obnoxious child himself. If he'd let a one-day kid break up a 20 year friend-

ship he's operating on a 14-year-old level, too.

Since you didn't accept an invitation to a musicale, I see no need to sit around and suffer in spineless silence. Fifteen minutes is more than the polite limit to listen to other people's geniuses. Tell your friends exactly how you feel and you'll be doing everyone a big favor. Parents who exploit their kids so they can bask in the reflected glory, do the youngsters a great disservice. Tell them to knock it off.

Dear Ann: How much money should parents give a teenager? It's embarrassing to walk around flat broke most of the time when the others have jingling jeans and loot 'boot. My parents don't realize times have changed. Please put them next to the facts of life, Annie. They're

out of it.

—20TH CENTURY KID

How old is "the teenager" who wishes his jeans to jingle and "loot 'boot"? And what is this teenager willing to do in the line of "services" in exchange for the beautiful music of clinking coins? Get down to tacks of brass. You are the one who's "out of it".

CONFIDENTIALLY: DESPONDENT: This is blackmail. Tell your children at once. They'll forgive you.

DISCOURAGED WIFE: See a doctor—together.

JEAN W.: The above advice is for you, too.

(Ann Landers will be glad to help you with your problems. Send them to her in care of this newspaper. Copyright, 1956, Field Enterprises, Inc.) Distributed by Chicago Sun-Times Syndicate

GLAZED BITS

By BARNEY GLAZER

Five-year-old boy, saying his prayers: "God bless everybody and especially my daddy if he'll buy me that new English racer. By the way, God, I've mentioned this twice before."

If you're curious how many students there are in your local college—I'd say about one in ever 10 . . . Fred Allen said it: "I like long walks—preferably by people who annoy me."

His newly married daughter and her husband came back to live with him, so the disgruntled father got his daughter back plus a son-in-law to boot. Which is exactly what he did—he booted him out.

Jack Broder, of the California Racquet Club, hates stuffed shirts unless a beautiful girl is wearing one (me, too) . . . KDAY's Chuck Bennett explains a motion picture contract thusly: "The large print raises your hopes, and the fine print drops your options."

Al Terrence couldn't stand a nearby glue factor's obnoxious odors so he complained to the owner: "Will you please keep your business out of my nose?"

What certain boxing promoter, who is famous for fixing fights, is now writing his diary five days in advance? . . . I met a steel salesman today and learned for the first time what a steel salesman does. He steals sales.

Following their final exams which flunked many of them, the students of a local university painted these words on their main building: "Education Go Home!"

Lady, next time I pass you and let out a long-drawn-out wofy whistle, don't get so nasty about it! A woman

should be happy she's being looked over instead of overlooked.

Ma'am, if your husband promised before your marriage that he'd never again look at another girl, remember that all men are politicians at heart. It was just another campaign promise.

Just learned what a skunk is—a two-toned pussy cat with fluid drive . . . Definition of alimony: two people make a mistake and one pays for it.

Friend of this gallery never throws away his empty seed envelopes. Uses them for storing his harvest. Green thumb, anyone?

Girls are getting so lazy these days, they spend more time on their makeup than they do on their feet . . . And if you tell your daughter her hair looks like a mop, she replies: "Mop? What's a mop?"

Advice to the loveless: always interrupt your wife once in a while just to make her think you've been listening.

Men! how are we going to pull the wool over her eyes when her coat is orlon, her gloves are dnyel, her dress is rayon, and her slip is dacron? . . . A failure? That's a man who goes to work after he has given everything else a fair trial.

There is only one good way to become a success—don't lose your shirt. And there is only one good way to avoid losing your shirt—keep your sleeves rolled up.

I suppose you're one of those thinkables who thinks that the green traffic light means "Go!" Well, for your information it doesn't. It means that the fellow behind you is supposed to blow his horn three short times.

The SQUIRREL CAGE

By REID BUNDY

Wanna make a fast buck? On Page 73 of the Jan. 4 issue of Collier's (the last issue of a long line of them) is a coupon asking you to write for Collier's money-making plan. "Collier's offers both men and women an opportunity to make extra money by taking care of subscriptions for this magazine . . ."

Let me warn you, however, that the deal won't go for peanuts—Look has already put up \$1,000,000 for the subscriptions . . .

If you haven't done that Christmas shopping yet, you're a sucker for dangerous living. Tomorrow will no doubt be the most hectic day of the year for many people. Not for me, though. I'm going to do my Christmas shopping in a drugstore today.

Inasmuch as Christmas is only a couple of winks away, did you ever stop to wonder why Santa insists on sliding down a sooty chimney to deliver his goodies when anyone would let him in the front door?

We won't swear to have the right answer, but one version takes us way back to pre-Christian Germany and Hertha, goddess of the home. According to legend, families kindled a fire of fir boughs inside the home at the winter solstice (about Christmas) and the goddess descended through the chimney, smoke and all, to bring good luck to the family.

The legend carried over into old England years later, and when a sharp-eyed victim of insomnia spotted the figure one Christmas Eve, he signaled Santa must be coming down the chimney to clean out the soot so the good luck could come in.

What with forced air heating systems, floor furnaces, and radiant heating nowadays, Santa's task of entering through the chimney has taken on some tricky hazards.

He always seems to get there, though, doesn't he?

Of course, Santa has lots of places to go on Christmas Eve, and sometimes during the hustle and bustle of pre-Christmas activity, dad has to put on a fur-trimmed red suit and beard to help. In these prosperous times, though, fewer dads have to worry about stuffing a pillow under their coats to carry off the ruse.

And, because THE HERALD is sent to all corners of the world, we'll repeat our Christmas greetings of last year in the languages of the world:

- Sweden: "God Jul!"
- Brazil: "Feliz Natal!"
- Denmark: "Glaedelig Jul!"
- France: "Joyeux Noel!"
- Italy: "Buon Natale!"
- Portugal: "Boas Festas!"
- Finland: "Haukaa Joulu!"
- Holland: "Hartelyke Kerstgroeten!"
- China: "Kung Hsi Hsin!"
- Spain: "Felice Pascuas!"
- Rumania: "Nosteria Lui Christ's Sa Va Die De Felos."
- Czechoslovakia: "Prijemne Svatyky" or "Vesele Vanoce!"
- Germany: "Froehliche Weihnachten!"
- Greece: "Kala Christougennia!"
- Japan: "Christmas O-medeto!"
- Norway: "Glaedelig Jul!"
- Poland: "Wesolych Swiat!"
- Russia: "S. Rozhdestvo Christova!"

And the Servians say "Stetan Bozic!" while I say, "MERRY CHRISTMAS!"

P.S.—I don't think THE HERALD has many readers in Russia, but we threw it in anyway.



The Freelancer

By TOM RISCHIE

What's Christmas? It's more than a day. It's a spirit symbolized in America by a round-bellied old gent with white whiskers known as Santa Claus.

Nonetheless, I have another nomination for the title of "Mr. Christmas"—the late Lionel Barrymore, who played Scrooge for so many years in the presentation of Charles Dickens' immortal "Christmas Carol."

Although hundreds of other actors have portrayed Scrooge, probably none of them have become so closely entwined with the character of a man who started out by "humbugging" Christmas, but later came to realize the true meaning of the season.

When Barrymore died a couple of years ago, there were more than a few who felt that a part of Christmas had died too.

As a child, I can recall sitting in a living room lit only by a Christmas tree, while we heard Scrooge (Lionel Barrymore) declare, "Bah, Humbug," when he was wished a Merry Christmas. Gradually, we listened as Scrooge's heart melted and heard Tim Tim declare, "God Bless us every one!"

Somehow, Christmas just wasn't Christmas without the "Christmas Carol" and without Lionel Barrymore.

Since the advent of TV, we have been deluged with Christmas stories of all descriptions, with the moral of all of them generally the same. They depict Christmas in the Roaring Fifties.

I don't like, "Have a Cool Yule, cats." I think it's much better to express greetings the plain, ordinary, common, every-day, old-fashioned way: "Merry Christmas."

So I will. Merry Christmas.

Everybody gets sentimental at Christmas. I like to think of Christmas as just a little old-fashioned. Somehow, the Christmases I used to know seem just a little better because Christmas is always more delightful to a child.

The Christmases of bygone days—of "Christmas Carol" times—seem somehow quaint and attractive. Such traditions are a fascinating part of Christmas.

I scanned the list of major Christmas story presentations on radio and TV in a national magazine this week and discovered that they (whoever they are) have decided that the "Christmas Carol" was a little too out-of-date, so they have spruced it up, added music, and called it "The Stingiest Man in Town."

To my mind, that's heresy. I'm just waiting to see what happens to "Silent Night."

When they start jazzing that up, I'm going to lock myself in the house on Christmas and throw away my radio.

It's not hard to find new ways to say "Merry Christmas," but there are parts of Christmas that I don't think it is desirable to change most of them, old-fashioned as they may sound.

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Out Of The Past

From the Files of The Torrance HERALD

10 Years Ago This Month December, 1946

Santa Claus came to Torrance and listened to the Christmas requests of over 1500 children in the Civic Auditorium at a party sponsored by the Lions Club and members of the local Fire Dept. . . . Junior high student Billy Johnson set a new record of 6:91 in the semi-annual mile race sponsored by the local Lions Club. Johnson's time eclipsed the former mark of 6:18 set by Harold Johnson earlier in the year . . . The Torrance Area Youth Band, directed by James Van Dyck, presented a program of Christmas music in the Civic Auditorium.

15 Years Ago This Month December, 1941

The Torrance City Council held the first reading of a municipal law enforcing blackout restrictions . . . Identification tags, made compulsory by the Board of Education for school children, were being purchased from members of the National Business and Professional Women's Club in Torrance . . . An All Army unit, on an undesignated assignment, moved into temporary quarters in Torrance Park.

20 Years Ago This Month December, 1936

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Zumwalt prepared to celebrate the "best-ever" Christmas as the 14-year-old son, Jordan, emerged from a coma that had held him unconscious for 25 days. The boy, gravely injured in a bicycle accident in November, recognized his father and spoke his first rational sentence since the mishap . . . An old hose cart, the city's first fire protection equipment, was retired from service with the delivery of a triple combination pump-hose-chemical truck.

25 Years Ago This Month December, 1931

A Christmas tree with over 1000 lights was the focal point for the municipal Christmas party at Marcelina and Sartori Aves. . . A portion of the bone structure of a pre-historic ichthyosaur was on display in THE HERALD office. The reptile bones were discovered in the diatle mine in the nearby Palos Verdes Hills . . . Postmaster Alfred Gourdir announced that postal workers would be working extra hours in an effort to get all the mail to local residents before Christmas day.

30 Years Ago This Month December, 1926

Over 250 prospective residents inspected a new home designed and built by Charles Vonderahe at 2414 Redondo Blvd. . . . A crowd of 2000 men, women and children attended the annual Torrance Christmas tree celebration in the City Hall . . . A committee appointed by the Redondo Beach Chamber of Commerce was investigating the possibility of the unification of Redondo, Manhattan and Hermosa Beach into one city.

My Neighbors



"The Bureau of Internal Revenue frowns on this sort of frivolity, Hawkins!"

THE OLD TIMER



"A smart guy is a husband who remembers his wife's birthday—and forgets her age!"

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